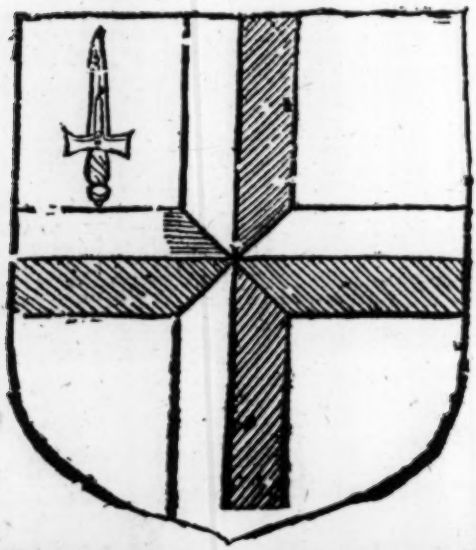
The Jewes high Commendation of the Metrapolitant Cathedrall Church of St. Pauls, having view'd the greateſt Effiges in the world: With Pauls complaint to his Sacred Majeſty of all his ſad Loſſes and abuſes in the time of his abſence, and his Majeſties gracious promiſe for the Repairing of it to its former ſtate & condition.

To a delicate new tune, Or, The Repairing of Pauls.



NOw I am conſtrained to write of a thing
was builded a thouſand yeares agoe,
For all the Effigies that ever was ſeen
old Pauls ſtill carries the bravеſt ſhew.
Indeed I have travel'd Kingdomes farre,
and ſeen their famous Fabricks all.
Yet never a one could be compar'd
unto the Cathedrall Church of Pauls.

The City of Roome I have bin in,
and many weary ſtep have I trod,
The Tower of Babel I have ſeen,
in travelling over the world abroad.
Yet never a Monument I found.
of ſuch aſpiring heigh of all.
As is that noble ever renown'd
the brave Cathedrall Church of Paul.

The Pilgrims askt me ſeverally
what manner of thing this Church it was,
Whoſe height was raiſed up to the skye,
and the very walls were beaten braſſe.

I anſwered them theſe words to the ſame
that ſtory I often times had bin tolde,
And great report I heard of the name,
which was not the like in all the world.

Then preſently I try'd up my reen,
it ravished me with ſo much delight,
And over the Seas I ſayled with ſpeed.
ſo willing was I for to ſee this ſight.
But when I came to Pauls Church Yard.
Lord quoth I what a Church is here,
I thought the Engliſh people had made
their way to heaven thorow the ſpire.

I was amaz'd amongſt the crouds,
and ſtaring upwards ſtill did I.
The top of the church did ſeem in ỳ clouds
& I thought ỳ ſteeple did reach to the sky
now hear ỳ complaint which Paul did mak
unto the King when he came home,
I have bin abus'd my Liege for your ſake
which makes me ſtand in my rags ſo torn

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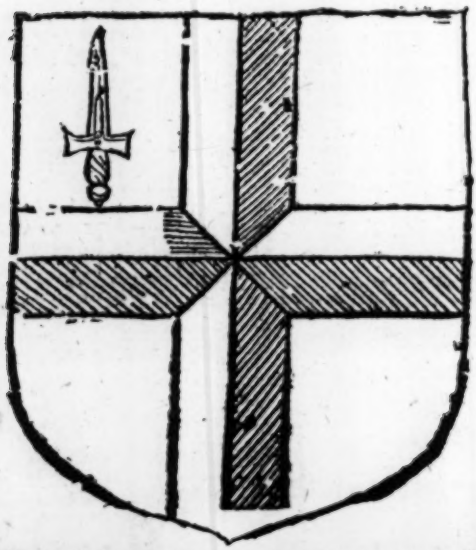

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FOr in fifty seaven and fifty nine,
with grief my sides began to crack,
My aged corps did much decline, (back
for my cloths were pulled off from my
My leaden covering they did take,
their guns were then so hungry grown,
A purpose Bullets for to make,
they never would let old Pauls alone.

They did not care who they abus'd,
for ruine was their chief intent
Where Prayers formerly was us'd.
there they did make a stable fit.
Yet for all this I still held up,
though weather-beaten many a peare,
But several people were in a doubt,
this last year I was in great dispair.

But now bespeak our gracious King,
for all the abuse you received then,
With speed I doe intend to begin
to give old Paul a new trimming agen
Then presently I took heart of grace,
because our Soveraign Lord the King,
Did say he'd make a sacred place,
and give old Paul a new trimming agen

The Service Book shall then be read,
the Quarisers shall sing like men,
The Bishop he shall be the head, (again
and all things shal come in old fashion
The Organs merrily they shall play,
and Davids Psalms with hearts,
The Harps and Timbrills all the day,
which much delighteth then the eare,

All these were godly sons that were
delightfull much in Davids dayes,
Which made his Subjects God to feare,
whilst he was playing with thanks & prais
The Clergy flourish shall again,
and Heresticks they must all go down,
True Christian faith we shall maintain
and Pauls shall be called Sacred ground

As famous as I ever have bin,
I now shall receive my high renowne,
And all my honours return'd me agen,
I am old Paul of London Town.
Now God preserve our Gracious King,
Lord Mayor and the Aldermen,
which have bin pleas'd in this noble thing
to give old Paul a new Trimming agen

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